

Some persons think that here in the moral (?) "Athens of America," where the heart as well as the head is educated, that there are no prejudices against colour, and that the colored man enjoys all the rights and privileges with his white fellow-citizens. This is, unfortunately, not true. Indeed, I have yet to find the place where the flag of our glorious Union, in which a black man may feel free, if think we ought to love the Union, as we are commanded to love our enemies, to bless those who curse us, and pray for those who despitefully use us.

The prejudices against colour, it is true, does not exist, or at least, show itself, so strong, here, as in the middle States. But, it exists in all classes, the poor and the rich, the native and the foreigner. It sticks out in the boldest relief in those who have neither sense nor education sufficient to hide it. Nine-tenths of the Irish, most of all others of the labouring classes, and nearly all of the "colored" will be found to be colored persons anywhere when they can help themselves; and when they do, they will not seek, they are too poor to afford it.

For instance, the Boston Standard, of March 1, 1837, says never known to happen to what is called the aristocracy. I who am entirely too sensitive to be a negro have occupied several seats contiguous to that class of persons, both ladies and gentlemen, Misses and Masters, at the lecture, the concert, and the theatre, and I have never noticed the slightest uneasiness, much less a disposition to change. It do not know that there is a difference in feeling, it may be only in education. But if education will do so much, I should be happy to see every man a scholar. So far as our privileges are concerned, we have equal rights in every place. Our Standard City Court, I believe, is the only one that the colored man can sit in the jury box of. The Museum, the lecture-room, the public library, the Mercantile Library, the concert-room, the hotel, the eating-houses and the oyster-saloons are open to us. There is an eating-house in Wilson's Lane, an eating and drinking-hotel in School street, and a confectionary shop in Court street, kept by a Fremont Republican, in which colored men are proscribed. The Howard Atheneum, the Boston Theatre, the National Theatre, and the Ordway Hall of Negro Ministers, all advertising in their bills, "coloured persons admitted." Mr. Julian B. McCreas and Mr. John Stephenson, the managers of the theatre, and the latter a book-keeper, both "called persons" to all intents and purposes, took it upon themselves to visit the Howard Atheneum. They bought tickets at the master circle. When Mr. Stephenson presented his ticket at the door of the family circle he was refused admission, but was politely informed that he could go up two pairs of stairs and be accommodated. Mr. S., finding indignant, threw his ticket down and walked off. Soon after, Mr. McCrea presented his ticket for admission; he, too, was refused, and the way was also pointed out to him by which he might occupy a higher position and thus be more easily admitted. "It is not for me to understand how a ticket for the family circle could make him so high." He was expostulated with and informed of the extreme danger there was in romancing the ancient landmarks of the Institution. But, it was all to no purpose, the negro's intellect was too obtuse to comprehend his fine system of didactics. At last Mr. McCrea said, "Well, I have heard enough from you for one night, I am now going to see what is going on inside, and if you don't stand aside I'll go through you." The poor fellow in a second presented all the colors of the rainbow and then turned pale, not doubt imagining that the depth of his crime had been discovered. Then, after a moment's silence, "I'll go through you!" Of everybody heard him, and everybody came to see what was the "fraction," the police among the rest, and McCrea was ejected. Mr. Stephenson had in the meantime found his ticket, and presented it; he was again refused. Whether Mr. Stephenson was forcibly ejected or not, he was a prudent man and not disposed to risk his life in the struggle. Mr. McCrea is not so prudent. If any man goes into his shop and speaks in favor of slavery or disrepectfully of his breed, I suppose I ought to say, or of certain prominent abolitionists, he tells them to "hang them up open door and tell them to 'go out'." I have seen him drive out three with a single blow. Puffin's Hall, on Bow street, and the Boston Club of the National Theatre have been special objects of his ire. He says that a barber is the lowest specimen there is of a man; that it is the basest business there is. "Show me a barber," says he, "and I will show you a man who has no mind, or if he has no heart speak it not." There is a village in New Jersey composed of just such men. They are mostly "fugitives from service or labour" "on the State," who have "escaped into another," and who will not, "in consequence of any law or regulation thereof," be "delivered up." When a strange white or black man goes into a barber shop, the negroes are sure to follow him, and if he cannot give a sufficient account of himself he is looked upon as a spy, his "walking papers" are made out, that is, he is granted "leave of absence," and if he does not walk away he stands a chance of taking a ride. In the town in which I was born, when about eight years old I remember holding the clothes of two men who "had" a negro "on suspicion" of being a spy, while a half-dozen women whistled him with sticks. The poor fellow suspected his innocence, and cried, and groaned, and appealed to the negroes to have no use, he was sure to be hanged, and to give up his life to be like Caesar's wife—above suspicion. When they let him go he promised faithfully that he would never come within ten miles of the place, and so far as I have been able to learn he has not been seen or heard from since. When he left he did some sweet running. I should not be surprised if his penchant for espionage was entirely cured.

But to return to my subject. The day after Messrs. McCrea and Stephenson had been ejected from the theatre they entered actions against Mr. R. G. Marsh, the lessor and manager of the Howard, and he was held by each to be \$500 to answer. He then entered a cross action, charging them with false arrest and malicious prosecution, swearing also that they feared they were about to leave the State, and that they had at \$2,000 to answer. The negroes were then compelled to quash the indictment. For so he thought that they could not command the bail, would be obliged to go to jail, and then they would gladly compromise. This was a mistake, the bail was promptly given. Afterwards there were overtures made to them, but they were not even entertained. Before the case is reached, Mr. Marsh has had a "call" to New Orleans which he has accepted. The black men then made affidavit that they feared that he would leave the State and they had him held by each to \$500 for his appearance. It is probable that there may be another suit against Mr. M. for perjury, for he is sure to be held to be responsible for the action of the negroes. This is the case in Court, so that we can know whether a man has a legal right to prohibit a man on account of his colour in an institution prohibited by the law. I am always prone to see black men stick up for their rights and fight manfully for them. Slavery and a bitter prejudice has done much to make the blacks timid and servile. A waiter on board of the Metropolis not long since became very indignant because I would not, after taking first class fare, eat at the third table. This is much to be done among the colored people. They have to learn to stand up for themselves from an entire dependence on white men, and those who are friendly to us are friendly to us as much as they are to our trades, our stores, and our professions. One of the greatest causes of our degradation under our immediate control is the fact that we have our priests and are governed by them quite as much as the Irish are. Only, we are more independent. If our priest does not suit us "ship him off" and get another, but a priest we will have. Now these priests feel the necessity of having good picking, hence they are eternally appealing to a "generous public" for aid to "build a house for the Lord"; when they can worship in a "temple" "wide as the world over" and make a "holy place" "wide as the world over." Now, it is well known that every lamb that folds the fold may become a sheep, and every sheep, aside from the picking of its bones, is worth his wool, at any time and all times, hence we have extraordinary traps set to "ketch" old sinners. And then our white brethren contribute largely and "generously," for if we assist the black to keep up their separate associations we will thereby keep them together; but, if they have no place of worship, they will be crowding in on us. We must, therefore, sustain them, no matter what it costs. I respect the feelings of every person, but I think the coloured people, where they have equal rights, make a great mistake in being up cast churches. We are not responsible on these points, and yet we pervert our own modes of life. There are some coloured men in the United States who reflect credit upon everything with which they become connected, while there is another class so imbruted by

slavery and an accursed prejudice that they hang around certain places for the express purpose of being kicked and stoned, and these are the men who are always on hand to represent us.

And now as the Supreme Court of the United States has washed its hands in the blood of Dred Scott, and in millions and millions yet unborn—shall it be said that the colored man is not a citizen, that the Ordinance of 1787 and the Compromise of 1820 were unconstitutional? I can only say this is all right; let us get rid of all the Compromises, and evict the whole population. Why, sir, this is the only way that the Union can be preserved. But if it is the Supreme Court states, and I think they have the right to say, the Union is already dissolved, and it needs only to scatter its grisly dead among the chinamen, the hick wind howling round the windows and round the chimney, one can try to say clever things. But when Ethereal Milleuses comes dropping off the eaves of the middle of the streets with a mixture of snow and mud to the very slushiest description, I would defy York himself to be gay and lively. Mark Tapley would merit the pena prostrata after a warm moist, dirty day about the head of Winter in New York, and I would not be willing to let him go. I have yet to find the place where the flag of our glorious Union, in which a black man may feel free, if think we ought to love the Union, as we are commanded to love our enemies, to bless those who curse us, and pray for those who despitefully use us.

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